"All that the rattler did was to keep his

head toward the foe. He made no attempt to strike. To all appearances he was in a

state of funk.

"Waving his head from side to side, the

king snake crawled once around the other. then he darted. For a few seconds there was nothing to be seen but writhing coils

in a cloud of dust.

"As the struggle subsided I saw that
the king snake had wound himself about
the neck of his victim, and was tightening
his coils. It was soon over. The little

his coils. It was soon over. The little fellow's coils unwound and he straightened

out. The rattler's neck was broken.
"In all this commotion the other rattler

had made no move either to escape or to

aid her mate. She seemed helpless from terror. If there was any resistance on her

part when the slaver attacked her it was o

the slightest, and soon she lay dead with her neck broken. To my great astonish-ment the king snake crawled away, leaving

his victims lying there.
"Well, I thought I'd discovered something

new in natural history and I wrote it all to my cousin in Boston, who is a big bug in a scientific society. I backed it up with

scientific society. I backed it up with affidavits from various people as to my moral character and capacity for telling

in the report some snake sharp got up and moved to lay the affidavits on the table

and take my word for the king snake, as a man named Mitchell down there had re-

ported the same thing thirty years before.

"That was my last attempt to put a snake on paper. I figured after that that if I saw a

hoopsnake with his tail in his mouth racing a bicycle along a prairie road and got it down in black and white somebody would turn

up a scientific report from Bacchus, cr some other ancient with habits of his own,

and show that Rome fairly rotated with that

"Don't forget the barber-pole snake,

o meditate on his wrongs.
"Oh, that chap," said he. "He gets his

and move along. He's a sort of cousin of the cobra, and his bite means trouble.

thing a man wants to leave alone when bitten by any kind of venomous snake is

whiskey. It sets the heart working fast and helps to distribute the poison through

chief tight above the bite, cut around it, and suck the blood. Whiskey for snake

bites is about as good as carbolic acid for

little man amicably, reaching for the bell.

The Texan arose and looked carefully

around the room.

"As I see no snakes present," replied the

TAN'S VERY WISE DOG.

Knew the Morse Alphabet and Could

Play Poker.

"Everybody down at Graneros remembers

lan's pup," said the operator as he flashed

he picture of the dog. "I remember the

dog very well. Tanquary was the operator

down there when I first came to Colorado.

car that had been dumped at one side of the

track. This served as a telegraph office

man, and Tan got lonesome staying there.

It was a mean-looking animal of

the food.

"One day some one sent Tanquary a dog.

preeding, and it had a tail of the length,

breadth, thickness and general outline of a

soon made friends with the lonely operator.

ection foreman's hotel, where he boarded,

first inclined to take a Roman holiday with

"Tan also taught the dog a number of

sideways, to chew tobacco and to smoke,

The only picture I have of the dog is the one

"Although Tanquary taught the dog :

good many things, the brute went on to learn

many other things without the operator's

assistance. The two grew more and more

fond of each other, and once when Tanquary

came up to see if Denver was still here he

brought the dog with him. They had sundry adventures and finally brought up at a poker

game behind a Wazee street barber shop

There three strangers had decided to gather

in Tanquary's six months' salary,
"They played with great energy until the

operator had reached the last dime in his pocketbook. He looked about him and his

eves fell upon his faithful dog, which had taken a position on a chair on the opposite

side of the table. Tan looked mournfully

at the brute for a minute, and then his love

where he is seen smoking,

Tanquary taught the animal to go to the

and fetch his lunch, although the dog was at

From the Nashville American

"But in a case like this," suggested the

The best method, if you're not in reach

the blood throughout the system.

Texan, "and in the interests of truth, I don't care if I do."

"All wasted time. When my cousin put

in a cloud of dust.

moral cha the truth.

Predicament of a Warship Between a Gale and a Mined Harbor-Vain Attempt to Secure a Loose Anchor-A Tussic That Might Have Cost Us a Cruiser Just at a Critical Moment.

it was just after the declaration of war with Spain, but before anything definite had been done in the way of hostilities. Commodore Schley was at the beginning of that long wait in Hampton Roads which turned his flying squadron into something dangerously near a joke because it did not fly. It was then that came that remarkable wave of hysteria which rolled along the New England coast and filled as much space as the newspapers would give with stories of the terrible things the Spanish torpedo boats were about to do there, and caused a howl to go up for protection.

The effect of the howl reached Hampton Roads about 9 o clock one evening, just when life in the two big hotels there was taking on its most interesting aspect Suddenly there appeared in the rotundas two or three very smart young midshipmen with their swords buckled on. The youngsters swiftly sought out a few men here and there in the groups that were walking or sitting about, and to each one said in a very low voice, so that the message might not be overheard by those for whom it was not intended:

"You will return to the ship at once

The air of importance with which this order was delivered filled those who received it with excitement. Every officer as he got his order slipped away from the hotel as quietly as he could and hurried to the landing stage where the ship's steam cutter waited. In the hurry of it each one thought that the officers from all the ship s of the squadron had been summoned, and there was the general feeling among them that at last the emergency for which the squadron had been held so long in least had arisen and the war dogs were to be let Aboard ship all was mystery. No one,

not even the Old Man himself, knew where they were going. Signal had been made from the flagship in cipher, that was all. They were to get under way at once. Then as the ship on which the writer hap-

pened to be stationed got her anchor and lowly began to move, it became apparent that only one other vessel of the squadron had received sailing orders. That deepened the mystery. The two to go were the big fast tin-clad cruisers that had been built for commerce destroyers. As we passed one of the fighting bulldogs a voice hailed us from out the darkness, saying: "Good-by. You're going to Paris."

That meant, of course, it it were true that we were bound for Southampton. or some place near it, to convoy the American liner Paris which was about to sail with a large quantity of war stores. The junior strategy board at once convened in the wardroom country and elaborate plans for the campaign were drawn up and discussed in detail.

We had just succeeded in outwitting the enemy at every point when the signal officer dropped in and casually remarked that we were going up the New England coast to catch those Spanish torpedo boats. There was a chorus of "Oh, pshaw" and the junior strategy board adjourned without day. It didn't seem likely that any thing exciting would occur on that cruise.

But you can't always tell. There was one incident which never was reported in the newspapers, although it would have rereived considerable space if it had been. It was the result of a very picturesque bit were those of nature instead of the Spanish

lying off Boston light, "an' de win' she blow an' blow an' blow. Bimeby she blow some more." The big 8,000-pound anchors toward the light.

The wind was blowing straight into the harbor and there was nothing to do but get up the anchor and go to sea. The harbor was mined, or believed to be, and the captain had no chart of the mines nor could any pilot reach him in the storm. The wind increased to a gale and the sea rose tre-

As the great waves rolled in the cruiser big ship were trying to stand on first one end then the other. The engines were sent shead slowly and the anchor was hauled clear. Then came the fight.

It was necessary to get that anchor landed on deck if the ship was to go to Gloucester, her next port, where she was due that day. In order to do that the hundredpound cat block had to be fastened by the huge hook which depended from it to the ring in the balancing band on the anchor shank so that the power of the winch could be utilized.

The great anchor hung so that when the wave recoded it was clear of the water, but each incoming crest submerged it several feet. As the ship tossed on the waves there was great danger that the enormous weight of the anchor would send it through her

But with seas big enough to rocket the ship about as easily as if she were but a fishing float, and to swing that anchor back and forth like the pendulum of a toy clock it was no child's game to hook the cat block. A man lay along the anchor davit and did his best to direct the block so that as it swung the ring, but try as he might he could not

The spray dashed over the bow of the ship in torrents that never slackened and every minute or so as the ship plunged forward she shipped a great green sea that rolled tons of water across her deck. Yet in spite of that it was necessary for some one to go r the side to fasten the cat block.

Two men were chosen, each a beautiful specimen of the American sailorman. Just under the arms of each a line was made fast and men on deck stood ready to haul away in case of need. away in case of need.

They watched their chance, and when

the ship's head was well out of water, over they went. They had hardly reached the archor when a wave rolled in that surged four feet above their heads. When it passed both were clinging almost breath-

less to the shank of the anchor.
But the instant they were clear of water they jumped to their work and strove to get the block in place. With ship hauling one way and wind blowing another there was small chance for them to drag that hundred-pound block a third way. Again and again they had it almost fastened,

when a green wave knocked it away and buried them far out of sight. All the while the wind was rising until it shrieked through the rigging like a soul in mortal agony. Still the two men struggled

isuccessfully at their task.

Then the inevitable happened. The great cat block swung far out as the ship plunged forward, hung poised an instant, as if taking deliberate aim, and came sweeping back straight at the head of one of the two men. It caught him at the only second in all the fight when he was off his guard, striking him squarely on the back of the head, and knocking him ten feet from the anchor into the

The rush of an oncoming wave swept him away from the ship, and for a moment it seemed as if he would surely be lost. Then seemed as if he would surely be lost. Then was justified the wisdom which had placed

BATTLE WITH A BIG ANCHOR. the line about his shoulders. Now the men on deck heaved in, and presently had their mate with them, unconscious, but

A swift examination by the surgeon showed that there was no fracture from the blow of the cat block, and in ten minutes be was around again, declaring to the officer in charge of the work that he could surely

nook that block the next time. Meantime his mate on the anchor had been hanging tight to the shank and watchhook. But now the captain interfered and ordered that effort to stop and the man to come back on deck. He had formed a There was no use trying to run to Glouces-

ter with the anchor hanging. That was straight into the storm, and the side of the hip would certainly be badly stove in, perhaps putting her out of service entirely or some time. With war just declared that would be a catastrophe no Captain would care to contemplate, especially not

that one.

He determined instead to haul up the anchor as far as was possible, so that it should have the smallest room for play, and then to run across the storm to Provincetown, hoping thus to avoid the dangerous plunging of the ship.

All day the cruiser steamed across Massachusetts Bay, so slowly that it seemed at times she was hardly making any head-

times she was hardly making any head-way. Just at nightfall she made the harbor, and in quiet waters once more the unruly nchor was let go again.

The officers were at dinner when the

carpenter came in and spoke softly to the First Lieutenant.
"Compartment A101 is full of water,"

e said, and named three or four others hat were also filled. hat were also filled.

After all it had happened, the anchor had punched a hole through the thin plates of the ship's side. But the leak was not a big ne and the pumps easily kept the water

A day or two later, in perfectly quiet r, men went out on a catamaran and a lead patch over the broken place. while they were at it painters were swarming about the ship. The curious New Engine about the ship. ing about the ship. The curious New Eng-landers who flocked out from their now protected shore in small boats to see their protector rowed around and around the ruiser and commented on the neatness of her appearance, and wondered that the captain would undertake to paint ship in war time, but not one of them spied that patch just at the water line close to the

WHEN "THE OLD MAN" WAS RILED His Sons Knew What to Expect and That Ended a Civil War Battle.

LANCASTER, Mo., July 30 .- One of the battles of the civil war was fought just east of here, near the hamlet of Athens, on Aug. 5, 1861, and the people of Clark county have annually celebrated that greatest of events in their quiet neighborhood. This year they are arranging for a programme that will surpass all former efforts. They are determined that the world shall not forget this battle field of the back woods although the big histories have ignored it.

Athens is between sixty and seventy miles north of Gettysburg. It was garrisoned by about 500 Federals under Col. David Moore. The Federal soldiers had been under fire before and were well disciplined. Col. Martin Green and 1,700 Confederates were approaching from the vest. The Confederates were armed with shot-guns, old-fashioned pistols, corn knives, pitchforks and clubs. At Edina they scattered a force of Federals and beflag was run up on the court house, and these raw soldiers thought they had saved Missouri to the Southern cause. There it was learned of the Federal force at Athens. The Confederates were keen for another scrap and demanded to be led against the

What happened is thus told by N. T. Roberts of this city, who carried a musket

with the "Johnnies":
"We left Edina with nearly 2,000 men but about 1,000 dropped out as we got closer to the bear. The attack began a little after daylight. We approached from the south of warfare, although the opposing forces and west. I never saw people so full of cases of snake poison," replied the Texan. fire as our boys were. Some of the officers, doubts about the outcome on account of our lack of discipline, but hoped that enthusiasm would make up for it. At first the Confederates did right well. It was failed to hold and the ship dragged down their first experience under trained fire and it tooked like they might become

soldiers. "Now and then our boys would break out with the triumphant 'rebel yell.' The Federals were hard pressed and fighting with great heroism. There was another yell, but it was not from our side. The enemv had got reënforcements from Keokuk. Our people heard of it and became demoralized. They didn't know whether bobbed and plunged until it seemed as if the the reënforcements amounted to 100 or 10,000, but imagined the worst.

"The tide of battle was turned against us by an odd incident right here. Col. Moore of the Federals lined up his increased force and ordered an attack. Placing himself at the head of the column, he

drew his sword and cried:

"'Come on, boys! We'll give 'em hell!'

"Fighting with the Confederates were
John and Will Moore, sons of the Federal
commander. They heard the roar of their
sire across the cornfields and knew what it meant for them. They had been fighting bravely, and their faces and bodies were covered with dirt and powder smoke. But for them the battle was over. Turning to his comrades, John said:

"The old man's riled, fellows, and there ain't any use bucking him any longer. I am going home.'
"And home he went on the run. The worst of it was that the rest of the hoys

SONG OF SHEAVES AND ROPES, One Sound Heard, in the Building of House, That Pleases Mr. Billtops.

took John's word for the Colonel's dan-gerous ire and skedaddled for tall timber."

"Musical sounds are by no means the only ones that are pleasing to us," said Mr. Billtops; "there are some simple, homely sounds that may give us positive delight. For instance:

"Next door to where I live they are building a house; and when, in the course of the work, they have got the walls up, all around, another story, they bring up the floor beams to lay on them. These beams they hoist up from below with a simple block and tackle supported at the head of an upright stick of timber; and the pleasing sound to which I refer is that heard when they are swaying up floor beams with this tackle the rhythmic singing of the sheaves in the tackle blocks and the sound of the straining of the rope as they hoist. The delight that this sound gives springs from the pleasures of recollection and those of anticipation; it is the sound of the hoisting of

sail on a boat. "It brings back the water with its freedom "It brings back the water with its freedom and a boat, catboat, sloop, or what not, moored, perhaps, at some landing place or swinging to a buoy in the stream, with men standing on her deck and swaying up her mainsail, hoisting away with regular swings at throat halliards and at peak. The sound that the hoist of the floor beams makes is for all the world, like that of cetting up sail on a boat; and that last short getting up sail on a boat; and that last short getting up sail on a boat; and that last short swing that they give here, to get a beam just high enough, is the last final pull that you give there to the peak, to make the sail set smooth, before you straighten out the raffle on deck, cast loose and fill away.

"For that matter I like the sound of blocks and tackle anywhere; even if they are board."

"For that matter I have the status of the and tackle anywhere; even if they are heard only in the hoisting out or the hoisting in of the cargo of a ship tied up at a city wharf. Wherever heard, in fact, it is a sound that

SCOPPS AT THE RATTLESNAKE. out hunting, I suppose, when Mr. King Snake came across their trail. He went for the biggest, a five-foot specimen, first. It seemed unequal, as the attacking party

ICONOCLASTIC SNAKELORE BY A MAN FROM TEXAS.

The Power of Its Venom Exaggerated, He Declares-Bitten People Who Recover-Animals Don't Fear Rattlers-Whiskey Not a Cure-Snakes That Do Kill.

"You can believe it or not," said the ittle man in the loud-checked suit, "but before that rattlesnake had stopped wigglin' he man was dead as a doornail.

He took a long pull at a pair of straws that nestled close together in his glass, and glanced around with the triumphal air of a man who has just clinched a satisfactory story with a fitting climax.

The thin, long man at the corner of the table looked up from under the brim of is slouch hat. "We can believe it or not. I think you

aid?" he inquired, mildly. "That's what I said," returned the little nan, belligerently. "Well, then, I don't." said he of the slouch

"I suppose you were there and know

ill about it," sneered the other. "Maybe I wasn't there at that particular eccasion. What's more, I don't believe anybody else was. Why? Because, peodon't die that way of rattlesnake pite. I've seen lots of folks that know of other folks that saw a man die of rattlemake bite, but I never knew of but two cases that would convict the rattler in a court of law. Not in Texas, anyway." "You're from Texas, are you? Perhaps the Texas variety of rattlesnake don't

amount to much." "Oh, we've got nine different varieties. and I guess they'll hold their own with any serpent that ever played the castanets. replied the Texan. "Those varieties are all genuine rattlers. The copperhead and moccasin, and the barber-pole snake, which is a heap more poisonous than any of em, aren't counted in that reckoning." "What's a barber-pole snake?" asked one

of the other men at the table. "One of the kind you hear about while you're gettin' shaved?"

"I'll tell you that later," answered Texan. "The discourse that goes with this present drink-waiter, kindly initiate board of inquiry-concerns rattlesnakes. If I were on a lecture platform, I should entitle it 'The Rattlesnake as a Fake.' "Fake, hey?" cried the little man, in exited tones. "Fake? Would you stand up and let a rattlesnake bite you?"

"No, sir; I wouldn't," replied the Texan. I wouldn't stand up and let a mosquito bite me, if I saw him first. There's nothing n it. But, I tell you, gentlemen, the biggest fake unnailed is this notion that the bite of a rattlesnake is invariably fatal.

"It's hardly ever fatal. I'm willing to admit that if a full-sized diamond-back rattler landed his fangs deep in an artery, the victim would very likely die, but an ordinary bite doesn't hit so vital a spot, and it's just about as likely to cause death as a case of measles

"A doctor of my acquaintance has spent twenty years trying to substantiate reports came so enthusiastic that they thought | of death from the crotalus venom, and in nothing could stop them. A Confederate all that time he has never found a single case that was positive. Two cases came near enough to fix the responsibility of death on the snake.

"One was that of a woman whose fool friends scared her into hysterics, and from that into convulsions, because a baby rattler about a foot long had put a pin prick in her finger. The other case died of delirium tremens resulting from two quarts of whiskey in a stomach unused to alcohol."

"That's all hearsay," objected the little man. "Have you ever seen any cases yourself?"

"In twenty years I've seen twenty-four "That may seem a small account for a counry where venomous snakes are as commor as they are in Texas

"But the fact is that accidents of this kind are very rare. A rattler doesn't crawl around waiting for a chance to tackle man. He has other business to attend to. "Unless come upon suddenly, he isn't dangerous. Even then he must coil before

he can do damage, and he always sounds his warning. Usually a man who is bitten is the victim of his own carelessness. "Of the twenty-four instances that came inder my own observation, two were those of men bitten by cotton-mouthed moccasins and two by copperheads. All the victims swelled up pretty badly, but they were

well over it in the course of a week. Of the twenty rattlesnake bites, not one resuited fatally.

"Six of them were by big diamond backs. The worst case was that of a ranchman who heard an animal prowling around his chicken coop, and went out with nothing on but a nightshirt and a revolver. The rattler happened to be hunting, himself, that evening. He coiled and rattled.

"The ranchman jumped the wrong way, and the fangs caught bim just below the knee. They sank so deep that the snake hung on and was dragged into the house.

"The man suffered agonies for two days. It was two weeks before he was able to

It was two weeks before he was able to get around, and for several years he suffered from recurring gangrenous ulcers. In fact, I think he never fully recovered his

"One of the other cases was a bite on The of the other cases was a life of the hand, which resulted in permanent paralysis of some of the arm muscles. The rest were of less result, though all of them left the patients with vitiated blood for a time

for a time. "Several of my observations were of men bitten by the ground rattlesnake. This is the most dreaded of all by Texans, because it strikes close upon its warning. It is very vicious, and it prefers to live near houses or outhouses. As to its venom, it seems less potent than that of the diamond back. On the average it is not as large, and its fangs do not sink so deep.

"A voung woman of my acquaintance

and its fangs do not sink so deep.

"A young woman of my acquaintance was bitten on the cheek by one of these reptiles while opening a rat-trap for the benefit of a terrier. The snake was, perhaps, hunting that rat himself. Anyway, he struck hard and deep.

"The girl nearly died of shock and terror but eventually recovered completely except for one thing. To this day at the sight, or even the mention of a snake, one side of her face begins to twitch convulsively, and she becomes violently nauseated.

and she becomes violently nauseated. By the way, the terrier chewed that rattler to ribbons, and suffered not the slightest

"Animals seldom die from snake bite. Dut of nearly fifty dogs bitten by rattlers only two died. I've known of forty instances f horses being bitten, and not one was "Hogs kill rattlers for food. A battle

between a hog and a snake is the most ferocious thing imaginable. I've seen a full grown rattler fix its fangs in the snout of a shoat and cling until the animal shricked with pain; yet it ended by the rep-tile being torn to pieces and devoured. "I followed that shoat waiting to see him topple over and die. Nary topple. He just went on looking for more food of the same sort."

"I've always supposed," said the little "I've always supposed," said the little man in tones that had lost their argumentative quality, "that every other living thing would run from a rattlesnake."

"That's a common mistake," said the Texan. "Some dogs will, and most horses shy at the sound of the war cry. But a bull-dog will often tackle a rattler.

shy at the sound of the war cry. But a buildog will often tackle a rattler.

"The worst enemy that the crotalus has in Texas is the king snake, which isn't even poisonous and is only half the size of a large rattler. Some years ago I saw a battle between one of these curious serpents and a price of the sound of the size of the same and a price of the server of the same and a price of the

gives pleasure, that savors of ships and the and a pair of dog-faced rattlers.

RAW POKER HAS AN UGLY SIDE.

was under three feet. But, strangely enough, the rattler seemed paralyzed with fear. If I believed in serpent fascination I should say that he fascinated his victim.

"All that the return is the attacking party was under the party of the p A Club Game That Went Wrong, With a Lawyer and Bank Teller as Victims.

> "There's no getting away from the fact. said the gray-haired, young-looking man in the club smoking room, "that there is an ugly side to the game of draw poker. The mere fact that somebody has to lose every dollar that somebody else wins at the game does not impress me as being all-important. The loss of money, in itself, is no such terrible thing as it sometimes seems. It is rue enough that the game is a sort of dogeat-dog pastime, and nobody can win anything without making somebody else suffer, but that is no worse than thousands of other things that happen every day in somebody's experience, and as each player has, at least in theory, an equal chance with every other player, I am not a whit concerned about hat side of it.

> "What does get on my nerves at times the fact that there is a fascination about the game that to some men proves morally fatal. I suppose if a man should forswear everything that is ruinous to other people he would have to give up pretty much everything that makes life worth living, since excess in almost anything means death to some. But without going to exremes of that sort, I must say that I consider it just as great a wrong to sit down to play with a man who is afflicted with the poker disease as it is to invite a chronic drunkard to have a glass of wine. I don't think I am a fanatic in any way, but I would not do either one of those things know-

"There was a thing that happened in a club I belonged to, some years ago, that came the reminder as the Texan paused fixed that rule of conduct for me. It on, that chap, said he. He gets his name from his gay stripes. He doesn't look dangerous because he hasn't got the flat head that we're told stands for danger. But the thing to do with him is to stand at a respectful distance and throw rocks at him.

"If he starts your way, you get unhitched wasn't a place for heavy play. In fact there were a good many members who didn't play cards at all, and there had been some talk of prohibiting all games for money, but there were a few of us who enjoyed a small game and we kept right on playing and letting the others do the talking, which I find is the best way to do in won't say it's as fatal as that of the hooded Indian reptile. I've never seen a case myself, but I know of a child who was club where there is any agitation of that sort going on.

bitten by the harlequin, as they call the barber-pole in some countries, and died in a "We didn't gamble to any alarming extent. A dollar limit was about as high as the game usually ran, and there wasn't a "Dogs that will tackle rattler, meccasin man among us that seemed likely to come or copperhead will run, trembling all over, at sight of the barber pole. The people to grief over that sort of a game, especially at signt of the barber pole. The people who live where it is common say that there is no antidote for the venom."

"Isn't whiskey any use?" asked the little man, who had started all the trouble.

"There's another fake," said the Texan;
"the most dangerous fake of all. The one thing a proper wants to leave alone when as the same men were playing right along. and the losses and winnings came pretty near evening up in the long run. Of course a man might run considerably behind for a time, but nobody had done so without hitting a streak of luck afterward that would make up for his losses. It did not occur to me, and I don't think it did to anybody in our set, that any one of us was playing for the sake of making money. I played for the fun of the thing, and I supposed they were all doing the same.

"Very likely they were, at first, but afte this had gone on for some months, possibly a year, it was noticeable that some of the men were getting keener and keener about playing. They no longer had any use for the club excepting as a cardroom, and they spent a lot more time at the game than was good for any man who had business to attend to.

"It didn't seem to be anybody's business though, to interfere with them. At least, it wasn't the part of a fellow club member and the game went right on. More than that, we got to playing table stakes more often than we did a limit game, some of the men asserting, and I think with perfect justice, that the table stakes game was the more scientific and gave a really conservative player a better chance to guard his game. But while I am satisfied that this is true, it proved to be true also that it and it was a dreary place for the bravest gradually resulted in our playing a considerably larger game. It had not been usual \$20 or \$30 at a sitting, but at table stakes we won and lost four or five times as much. Still,

the thing evened itself up, pretty much as

it had before, and there didn't seem to be any particular cause for alarm. "Among the players who were really growing infatuated with the game to a langerous extent, though we did not know it at the time, were a young fellow named tricks, such as standing on his head, to leap | Ben Jerome, who had been practising law for four or five years, and Jim Edwards, who was a paying teller in a downtown bank. They tell me that bank employees are carefully watched by detectives nowadays, and that a man who plays cards for money, even in his own club, is not likely to hold his place long in any bank. but it didn't seem to be so in Edwards's case. He was looked on as tolerably certain to be a financial magnate in time, and

Jerome was expected to be prominent at the bar, having already a practice that gave him a good income for a single man. "There was no indication that either of them was really neglecting his business, but it came to be true that both were to be found at the club every night, and always playing poker if there were enough others on hand to make up a game. And it was noticeable that they were the two who were always boosting the game higher and higher whenever they caught the opportunity.

"What we didn't know until afterward was that they were both getting into the habit of playing bank after the game broke up at the club, which was commonly not much after midnight. And not being lucky at faro, or perhaps being up against a brace game, which was more probable, they were losing everything they won at poker and not recouping on their poker losses. You may say that the poker game had nothing to do with that, and possibly it hadn't, but I have my own ideas about

"The climax came in a six-handed gamone night in which I was one of the players. These two were sitting in, as usual, and the other players were a wine merchant named Zimmerman, a partner of his named Dorner and a travelling man, who wasn't often with us, named Phillips.

"It should be remembered that no body in the club excepting Jerome and Edwards knew anything about either of them being in trouble. I fancy that they knew how it was with each other, but the rest of us had no suspicions. Neither did we know until that night that Phillips was something of a plunger. He hadn't played at the club more than half a dozer times, and then it had been a small limit

taken a position on a chair on the opposite side of the table. Tan looked mournfully at the brute for a minute, and then his love for the game overcame him and he sald:

"'If you are good sports you will let me put up that dog against a dollar's worth of excitement and we can go it a little longer. Otherwise I am out of it.

"Tanquary told of the dog's accomplishments and put him through a few of his tricks. Something seemed to be worrying the dog, and it could be seen that Tanquary saw his pet was not satisfied to masquerade as a jackpot. Well, the three gamblers consented to let Tanquary stake the dog.

"After that the game became one of life and death. Tanquary, after the draw, found himself possessed of two kings and the same number of tens. All but one of the strangers fell by the wayside and Tan was getting worried about the single opponent, for the fellow held up three cards. The operator weighed his hand and then sat silently gazing at the two pairs. Suddenly he heard a sound, a slow, steady tap-tap. Tan's telegraphic ear caught from the mysterious sound these Morse characters:

"Now, Tan was a man who did not inquire into the whys and wherefores of Providence. When a miracle was performed, the purport of which was to inform him that the other fellow was bluffing on dences, he accepted the tip and played back with all his strength. The result was that he garnered \$2.85 on that pot and was staked for the next deal.

"They started in again and Tan got three kings. He was inclined to bet like an amateur, but he suddenly heard again the slow tap-tap. He inclined his head and heard the telegraphic alphabet. The dots and dashes read:

"They started in again and Tan got three kings. He was inclined to bet like an amateur, but he suddenly heard again the slow tap-tap. He inclined his head and heard the telegraphic alphabet. The dots and dashes read:

"They started in again and Tan got three kings and lost ten cents. On the next hand he reaped \$37 on one of the spirit manifestations by telegraph, which told him "We played table stakes, each buying five dollars' worth of chips to begin, so there was only thirty dollars on the table at first. I was driven to the boneyard in the first four deals, being beaten out twice after opening the pot, the second time getting a third ace and running up against a full house that Zimmerman made on a two-card draw. He raised and I went

He's been sitting there wagging his tail all night.

"Tanquary looked up in a rather startled manner, for a great truth was beginning to dawn upon him. And he guessed right. The dog had been watching the other fellows' hands. His tail was sandwiched in between two of the uprights in the back of the chair. As Tanquary stood looking at the dog the brute's tail began wagging again. Tan listened closely, and as the dog's tail struck the uprights of the chair the operator deciphered the letters. The message was: 'And we didn't do a thing to them.'

"Tanquary reached over and stroked the dog's head. He was mystified for awhile; and I don't believe he ever did figure out just how it came about, but it's a well-known fact." two-card draw. He raised and I went back at him with my pile.

"Then I lost the whole of my second stack on a fairly good hand, being outdrawn again, and I bought the third, but it was not long before I had company. I had set the pace, not intending anything of the kind, and for quite a while nearly every time a raise was made the player raising pushed his whole pile in. There were several calls and, of course, a number of additional stacks bought, no one were several calls and, of course, a num-ber of additional stacks bought, no one

caring to drop out while the game was young. Inside of half an hour there was a hundred and fifty in chips on the table, and that proved to be only the beginning. "After the first bad streak I had tolerably

good luck, though I made no big winning and was well to the good throughout the game. Zimmerman was rich and he lost game. Zimmerman was rich and he lost stack after stack without seeming to care anything about the money, and his partner was well ahead. Phillips lost and bought and lost and bought till he was over two hundred in the hole, and then he declared a hundred more in the game. Edwards was losing steadily, but not heavily, and Jerome was the biggest winner in the party. "After Phillips had declared a hundred Edwards followed his example, and Zim-

Edwards followed his example, and Zimmerman laughed and said he might as well be in the fashion, so he declared a hundred more in. This, with the smaller purchases, footed up something like six hundred in sight, and I felt that with forty odd dollars in chips I was getting a big run for my investment of fifteen. Even that, however, though we hadn't had so big a game before, was not really startling. "I was startled, though, when Phillips, having lost his hundred on a flush against a higher one in Dorner's hand, each man having drawn one card, declared man having drawn one card, declared five hundred more, and pulled out the money. It was real gambling, such as we hadn't seen there, but as was natural no one made any objections to a man put-

ting more money in.
"Zimmerman was the next to put in five hundred, and that was no particular sur-prise, but when Edwards did the same thing was astonished. I hadn't thought he had the money to spare, but he was getting white, and his eye was gleaming viciously and I saw he was desperately determined to break his bad luck before it should break

It looked at one time as if he might do it, too, for he ran up against Jerome in a jackpot that Zimmerman had opened for the size of it. Every man at the table stayed, so there was forty-two dollars in the pot before the draw. Dorner was deal-

having a chance to draw to a flush with six to one in the betting. I didn't fill, but I felt that my play was all right even though I had lost. Zimmerman sat next and took three cards without bettering his aces. Edwards stood pat. He had not raised before the draw for fear of driving the others out. Phillips drew three and caught his third better took one and made an eight king. Jerome took one and made an eight full, and Dorner failed to better.

"Zimmerman threw in a white chip before locking, and Edwards raised it twenty-five lollars. Phillips looked longingly at his hree kings, but had sense enough to lay hem down. Jerome, however, with his full house, felt strong enough to go back at Edwards with fifty more, and that, of course, put Dorner and Zimmerman and me out of the play.

"Edwards looked carefully at his hand

as if considering how much it was worth, and then suddenly pushed in his pile. It looked like a bluff, and Jerome could not well do anything but call, since he could not raise, it being table stakes.
"On the show-down Edwards won, hav

ing a jack full, and being in consequence ahead of the game some three hundred dollars, while Jerome, though he was still a winner, was down below two hundred "After that the hands ran big and the anges were rapid. Phillips began to changes were rapid. Phillips began to win and soon pulled himself even, while Edwards lost again. Jerome was in a hole in four or five more deals, and he, too, declared another five hundred in the game, pulling the money, as I noticed, out of a sealed envelope he took from an inside vest pocket. Zimmerman, too, began to win a little, but on a sudden turn got caught between a flush and a straight with only three aces, and lost his pile again, where-upon he gritted his teeth and flashed a thousand-dollar bill.

"Edwards went down and down till he had no more than a couple of hundred left of the thousand and odd he had taken on his jack full. Dorner wasn't hurt much and I had pegged along without getting into any of the big plays, losing occasionally, but keeping all the time from a hundred to a hundred and fifty shead. Then on my deal there came a remarkable

how it makes me feel in a way responsible for what happened, though of cours I had no real responsibility beyond that which we all had for playing in the game. sweetened up to twelve dollars, and Zimmerman, sitting on my left, opened it for that amount. Edwards stayed, Phillips stayed, Jerome raised it ten, Dorner stayed, and I, finding

a four-flush again, decided to take a chance Zimmerman made it twenty-five more to play, and again everybody stayed, Jerome not raising.
"On the draw Zimmerman stood Edwards took two cards, Phillips took two, Jerome stood pat, Dorner took one and I took one. As it turned out, Edwards had made four tens, Phillips had caught

a small pair to his three deuces and Dorner and I had each filled a flush. And this was against two pat hands. Of course, such things do happen, but you don't see them. them often. "Zimmerman put in a hundred dollars and Edwards shoved in all he had, which, as I said, was about two hundred. Phillips as I said, was about two innored. Fittings made it a hundred more, which I think was big play for a small full, but his blood was up. And Jerome trailed. Dorner studied awhile, but finally made good, his flush being ace-high, and I laid down. my flush being only nine-high. It was a fairly good hand, but I realized that it wasn't worth playing up against two raises and two stayers with the opener yet to

hear from.
"Somehow I expected him to raise, and sure enough he did so, pushing in his pile. Edwards was all in before that, so he had merely a show for about \$1,200, but Phillips called for all he had, and so did Jerome. Dorner dropped.
"Zimmerman showed down four ammerman showed down four kings and Jerome a queen full. The other hands I have described already.

and Jerome a queen rull. The other names I have described already.

"Well, that was the end of the game. I don't know whether Dorner and Phillips would have cared to play any longer, but I certainly would not, even if a startling thing had not robbed us all of any further interest in card-playing for that night. "Edwards, who had grown whiter and whiter as the evening went on, suddenly collapsed. If the table had not been in front of him he would have rolled off his chair to the floor, but as it was, he threw his arms out in front of him, and so saved the fall. We saw, however, that he was ill and when we sprang to halp him, we ill, and when we sprang to help him we found him in a dead faint. At first we thought it was no worse, but after we had worked over him for some time we got in a doctor, who said after a brief examination that it was far worse than a faint, being a complete nervous collapse that had left him in a state of coma. And he said that there was grave danger of his not recovering. So we sent him off to the hospital, two or three of the members going

with him and the doctor. "I would have gone myself, but I had noticed that Jerome had not moved to give any assistance when his friend dropped, and as they were more intimate than most of the other members, I saw there was something wrong with him, too. He had steadied himself with an evident effort, and had called one of the club servants to bring him a drink of brandy, and then he had walked out of the room.

"So, as soon as Edwards was taken care

"So, as soon as Edwards was taken care
of, I went looking for Jerome, but I couldn't
find him. The attendants said he had gone
to the café and taken more brandy and
then left the club. I was considerably
alarmed, for I liked him immensely, and
I went straight to his rooms, where I had I went straight to his rooms, where I had often been before. The servant who took me up in the elevator said he had just come home, and I knocked at his door,

come home, and I knocked at his door, but got no answer.

"Then I knocked again, and as if in answer I heard a pistol shot inside. When we broke open the door we found he had shot himself through the heart. I recalled the fact that he had taken his last money out of a sealed envelope, and so was not greatly surprised when I learned afterward that it was a client's money. He had so crippled himself by his play that winter that he was unable to make good immediately and had. unable to make good immediately and had preferred death to exposure. "And Edwards was hardly more for-

tunate, for he, too, had been playing with money that was not his own, and his career at the bank was closed. He recovered from his illness after a few days, but nobody ever learned what became of him after ward.

"Since then I have never cared to play poker with a man who is infatuated with IOE, THE JUNGLE BOY.

Being the Adventures of a Boy Who Was Carried Off by Gorillas.

CHAPTER VIII.

When we had gained the victory over he black men, as related in the last chapter. we set out for home at once; but I carried with me three spears and the knives belonging to the dead men. Also I took from one of them a ffint and steel to strike

I had fought with the gorillas, and fought

well, and they made many signs to show

that they were pleased with my conduct. Four of them had received pretty severe wounds from the spears, and as soon as we got back to our trees I gathered leaves from a certain bush and chewed them up and made poultices for the hurts. Our warriors had always dressed their wounds in this way, but it seemed that the gorillas had no cures at all beyond plaster-

ing on a handful of mud. They watched me with great curiosity, and when two or three days had gone by and their wounds had begun to heal I was looked upon with increased favor. In a week all the injured ones were al-

most as good as new, and then I had a trick to show them. We had left the noosed vines hanging

rom the trees, and other lions had come skulking about at night, but they were too sharp to be caught. One afternoon I killed a jackal with

my spear and dragged his bleeding body around for a quarter of an hour and then left it at the foot of a tree.

with the three spears, each one of which had a vine tied to the handle. It was not long before the hyenas came, and from my perch I cast the spears at them and killed three.

Then a lion came roaring and drove them any and ar soon as he was under them away, and as soon as he was under the tree I let drive at him and gave him a bad wound. He bounded away in pain and

rage, and half an hour later a second one Thit him at the first throw, but he did not run away. He was foolish enough to re-main and circle around the tree and roar at me, and after missing him three or four

times I cast a spear that entered his side and held fast, and in a few minutes he was Three or four of the gorillas had been in the tree with me to see how it was done, and from that night on they were ready

or anything that came along.

They could cast the spears further and straighter than I could, and after a couple of weeks it got so that no wild beast dared o come about at night. When I first came among them no gorilla could throw a club or stone. They simply

used a club with which to strike. As soon as they saw me throw they began to imitate, and it wasn't a week before they could beat me. Soon after building my nest in the tree bethought me to make a roof to keep off the rains and the sun. I made a very good one of sticks and grass and mud, but hardly

had I finished it when every gorilla set to work and covered his nest in the same way
After getting the knives from the dead
negroes I used them to cut branches and sharpen sticks, and it was no time at all before my friends could handle them as

well as I could.

One day, about three weeks after our battle, an elephant came into our neighborhood. He was a big fellow and all alone. I was asleep but one of the gorillas woke me up and made me understand that something was on force. thing was on foot.

I went with them, three of us armed

I went with them, three with clubs, and with spears and the rest with clubs, and pretty soon we found the big beast standlot of hands. I have always wished that somebody else had dealt them, for somewith spears and the big beast stand-pretty soon we found the big beast stand-ing under a tree in an open space. We crept carefully up on all sides, and all of a sudden he was stabbed with the spears and beaten with the clubs. He trumpeter, with surprise and rage, and went dashing about, but he might as well have tried to catch weasles.

After using my spear once, I hid behind the trunk of a tree to look on.

The way those gorillas bothered that elephant made me laugh loud and long. be hanging to his tail, and two or three would be on his back. They would dodge under his belly, hit him on the trunk, seize him by the ears and tie vines around his legs, and at last he became so confused and mad that he charged a big tree and broke one of his tusks off and rolled on the ground.

The gorillas had no desire to kill him, but they acted like a lot of jolly boys when out for a good time. They couldn't laugh human beings, but they certainly felt

In my next I shall tell you of a journey we took one night and what happened to us, and I promise to amuse and interest

To be continued.

GREEKS SEEK EMPLOYMENT. Fruit Trade Overcrowded and New Lines Must Be Opened.

There has been established uptown, probably the pioneer of other like agencies. an employment bureau for Greeks, who have become an important element in the population of New York. At the door are the flags of Greece and the United States and the announced purpose of the agency is to find work for male Greeks. There are, practically no female Greeks in New York.

The influx of Greeks into the United States, which has been going on actively for many years and which is practically limited to New York and vicinity, few of the Greek immigrants going either South or West, continues unabated, and the disparity between the sexes in Greek immigration does not decrease. During the first three months of 1903 of 1,425 Greeks who landed at Ellis Island, 1,380 were men and boys and only forty-five were women or girls. The Greek men's special adapta-bility is at gardening or silk weaving, Greece being one of the countries in which the manufacture of silk and cultivation of cocoons is important.

The Greeks who come to New York are usually robust. They are much taller than other immigrants from the Mediterranean and they take to the hard work required of all newcomers without hesitancy or shirking. Recently they have over-crowded the retail and wholesale fruit trade for which they have special fitness, and it has, therefore, been found necessary by many of them to seek other lines of employment, particularly those lines in which the competition with other workers is less than in the fruit business. Greeks of the city are generally industrious

and temperate. RAISING ALLIGATORS. One Breeder Has Farms in Arkansas and

Florida. NEW ORLEANS, July 30.-The departure by express to-day of two cages of small live alligators to Hot Springs, Ark., disclosed the existence at that place of an alligator ranch for the purpose of raising alligators for the market and that another alligator ranch, owned by the same breeder. s in operation in Florida.

The hunting of alligators has almost exterminated them in Louisiana and Florida, and it is evident that in a few years the wild alligator will be extinct. In view of this and the great demand for alligators for zoological departments, an effort is bein, made to raise them by hand. A considerable part of this year's hatchings, instead of being mounted, is being sent to the Arkansas and Florida ranches

and raised for the market.

It is a slow process, but it is thought that the alligator will become so much more valuable when the wild ones are more valuable when the wild ones killed off that it will pay to raise them